

Contents

[Dear Permission to be Powerful Reader, Luigi Mangione pressed his back against...](#)



Dear Permission to be Powerful Reader,

Luigi Mangione pressed his back against the damp alley wall...

His breath short, controlled bursts.

The air smelled of burning plastic...

The scent of a city suffocating under its own corruption.

Above him, a drone hovered, its infrared scanner sweeping the streets.

The Board's Enforcers had every corner of this city locked down.

Facial recognition systems, neural ID trackers, AI-driven predictive policing—all designed to ensure men like him never made it this far.

But he had.

And tonight?

Another billionaire was going to die.

Luigi checked his pulse pistol. One charge left. Enough. He didn't need firepower—he needed **precision**.

Across the street, a penthouse loomed above the city like a **golden fortress**. High above the slums, **untouchable**. That's what The Board always thought. **That's what they all believed.**

They thought money was power.

They thought the system would keep them safe.

They were wrong.

A name burned in Luigi's mind.

His next target...

Elon Musk.

First, Elon Musk bought Twitter.

And ran it into the ground.

Then, he bought the presidency.
Not with votes. **With money.**
Like he was buying another sports car.

And he used his limitless wealth to dismantle the federal government...
While he lined his pockets.
While he destroyed democracy.
While the people sat—

Helpless.
Powerless.
Hopeless.

Or so they thought.

They say to have an abundant mindset.
They say, don't hate the player, hate the game.

But when the game is **rigged from the start?**
When one man can buy a nation's future?
When a handful of billionaires decide **who lives and who dies?**

**It was a strong argument for the
guillotine.**

Nobody should be powerful enough to buy the presidency.
To Trojan Horse themselves into power.
To put their interests above an entire nation.
And this motherfucker **wasn't even American.**

SO WHAT HAPPENED NEXT?

It was **years** before the torches came out.
Before we made **guillotines great again.**

Elon Musk

Net worth: \$1.9 trillion.

Official title: **Chairman of The Board.**

Unofficial title: **The Man Who Killed America.**

Mangione had studied Musk's financials like a **hitman**.

He knew where his money came from.

Where he funneled it.

Where he spent his nights.

And tonight, Musk was at his penthouse, guarded by a dozen Enforcers.

The year was 2036, and **democracy was a memory.**

The resistance wasn't an army. It wasn't a movement.

It was **a single name**, whispered in the dark, scrawled on walls, passed from one desperate hand to another.

Luigi Mangione.

Everyone knew who he was.

Everyone knew what he did.

And everyone knew **he found... The List.**

Rumors of a **document so powerful it could bring down The Board in a single day.**

Some said the names on that list were **identical** to those on **Jeffrey Epstein's flight logs.**

If only Trump had released The Epstein List like he said he would.

Twenty thousand executive orders in four years...
But the most important one stayed buried.

Why?

Because the list was a **who's who of global power.**

The men who dictated the markets.

The men who controlled the wars.

The men who owned the police.

The men who never, ever got caught.

The law didn't touch them.

One day, the truth came out—**Donald Trump had been bought and paid for.**

By the Saudis.

By the Russians.

By *everyone*.

Let's not forget:

Trump went bankrupt multiple times.

And **bankrupt men are always desperate.**

The perfect pawn for those with **real power.**

ABOVE THE LAW

Back then, people thought the rich couldn't hide under public scrutiny.
That nobody was powerful enough to assassinate a billionaire in federal custody—

And get away with it...

Without anyone even asking questions.

I used to joke that the rich hunted people for sport.

But later... **we found out it was true.**

Makes sense.

It was no less outlandish than a **child sex-trafficking cult run by the world's elite.**

The Board **denied its existence.** The Enforcers **executed anyone who dared to search for it.**

Then, one day, **the list surfaced**—and so did **Luigi Mangione.**

A nobody.

Mangione didn't just escape prison.

He found The List.

And now?

For the first time in decades, **The Board was afraid.**

The illusion was breaking.

The torches were coming.

The guillotines were being **rebuilt.**

And if Luigi Mangione succeeded?

It would be the last election The Board ever rigs.

Luigi glanced at the stolen security tablet in his hand. His access codes—ripped straight from **The List**—still worked. The override would **disable every alarm for exactly 32 seconds.**

That was all he needed.

Because the moment **Musk** saw **him...**

He was already dead.

Until next time,

Anton

Dancer, Writer, Buddhist.

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